

HOME COMERS IN A NOVEL GAME OF HIDE AND SEEK

Played by Them and Those Who Went to Meet Them at Grand Central Terminal Last Week

VACATIONERS returning to New York last week by way of the Grand Central Terminal were seen in a setting they never had before and probably will never again for the reason that long before this time next year the new station will

The present arrangement of the train platforms was the cause during the two days following Labor Day when the home-seekers were counted by thousands an hour, of warm friends growing cool toward each other, of ordinarily contented husbands and wives harboring thoughts of

many families abounding in youngsters to be got ready for the public schools, more families with more dogs than babies, a whole train load of Boy Scouts, ruddy bunches of office and store girls, ruddy faced and overflowing with fun—in short, an army representing a good many phases of New York's population.

"Twenty-four sections added to the incoming trains between 5 o'clock Monday afternoon and 11:45 Tuesday morning and twelve cars to every train," said an official proudly, in describing what had been accomplished in handling the traffic, with nearly 9,000 pieces of incoming baggage on Tuesday, 800 pieces arriving by the Bar Harbor train alone.

More dogs than usual travelling uncrated in the baggage cars. And fewer hitches than ever before in moving baggage.

The electric trucks in place of the old hand trucks to take baggage from the cars have helped matters here. Instead of moving half a dozen pieces or so a trip we now move from fifteen to twenty-five. No complaining letters or telephone messages coming our way so far, nor so many excited ladies clamoring to get into the baggage room. There was a lady this morning who developed a case of nerves because we couldn't pick her trunk out of about 10,000 as soon as she gave the word, but we don't expect many such cases.

"The vacation homeward rush is a little heavier than last year for the same two days, especially from the coast resorts, owing a little maybe to the bad weather. A gentleman who came in to see about having the family trunks sent along as soon as possible said it was the first time he had felt warm in a month. He had come down from the Adirondacks."

For the most part home comers arrived in New York when they said they would except when they had to wait for the second section of a train. Therefore, as the station master pointed out, if one isn't convinced that the trains at least are not responsible for the doubtful happenings that did occur one is unreasonable. As for this or that approach to this or that level or track being just around this or that corner which seems to be trying to hide from the public eye—well, maybe so, but then there are signs to tell how to find anything—across of signs in the waiting room, hung over every exit and entrance, lining the walls of every wooden gangway leading trainward. No, the real reasons, he thinks, for the tears, the icy greetings, the quarrels resulting from the failure of friends to meet the homecomers, lie with the folks themselves. Said he:

"The average New York man refuses to read signs or to ask questions and few women seem to understand what a sign means even after they have read it or to be willing to follow the directions of a uniformed attendant after he has been careful to answer to the best of his ability all their questions."

"New Yorkers," he went on with a cheerful grin to show that he didn't think any the less of the travelling public because of those weaknesses, "are not superstitious. They don't believe in signs."

"Another reason is that New Yorkers are far more nervous than they used to be—men as well as women. Yes, madam, to the right for the baggage room," to a woman going along hurriedly who halted an instant to put the question. She hurried away and turned to the left. "See that?" It illustrates exactly what I mean.

"New Yorkers are so nervously keyed up most of the time that they can't or at least they don't listen to what is said to them. Their thoughts are continually jumping ahead or back to something else. Every hour in the day I have one or more women ask me about one or another train, when it leaves, from which level, and soon after I have explained as I think down to the last word ten chances to one the lady will say vaguely: 'Oh, thank you. Where does the train start from?' Then I do it all over again if I have time."

"Often a woman will turn away after I have answered her question to the best of my ability and put the very same question to the next fellow in a uniform she sees. 'No,' I don't call it stupidity. It's nervousness. Men are pretty nearly as bad, but they show it in a different way."

"An alert looking fellow came up to me in a great hurry this morning and asked: 'When is the Boston Express due?' 'There is no Boston Express in till this afternoon,' I replied. 'The last morning express got in a half hour ago.'"

"Nothing of the kind," he told me, jerking out his watch. 'You are a lot of numskulls'—only he said something stronger than numskulls. 'I am to meet that train between 9 and 10. I've forgotten the exact time.'"

"Perhaps if you give me a few details I can help you out. Where are your folks coming from?"

"New Haven," he answered unwillingly.

"I guess you mean the Springfield Express then. That gets in about such and such a time."

"To pin a man down to details when he rushes in to keep a date to meet some one arriving is next to impossible."

"A few minutes ago a lady insisted that I should tell her the exact time when the train which left a certain place in California on a particular day was due here."

"When did your friends leave Chicago?" I asked her.

"She didn't know that not whether they made connections there after arriving from California and came right along. But this lady is determined to meet those friends right here to-day and she expects me to produce them. To keep her occupied I have sent her to study the bulletin board."

If husbands and wives and sweethearts and friends failed to meet when the trains got in last Tuesday and Wednesday it was because they didn't watch the bulletin board, the station master declared with a wave of his hand at a big sign on top of the board, which told in huge letters, "There are no regularly assigned tracks for incoming trains."

"Wouldn't one think," he commented, "that any one could understand what that means? Well, a lot of folks never see it, or at least they don't read it, or that other sign which says that track numbers for arriving trains are announced by the

man in charge and written on the board just before the train is due."

The announcer shouted at that instant "Track 29 for White Mountain Express" and he wrote No. 29 in big letters on the board. A minute later when the number had been wiped from the board a smartly dressed woman who had been standing near the board came up and asked the station master:

"Where does the White Mountain Express come in?"

"It was called out just now and the track number put on the board. Didn't you see it?"

"Oh, was that it?" she hurried off.

Thousands in a Tangle Because of the New York Fashion of Not Paying Attention to Signs

who finally found his wife pacing up and down the waiting room told her in answer to a wrathful glare:

"My dear, it is all the fault of those levels. When you came home last time over that same route I met you at the upper level. How could I know that you were coming

luckily he saw her about to get into a taxi, a porter standing ready to take her baggage in after her. The girl had been particular to tell him the train she was coming on. He had been particularly to be on time and take up his stand as close as he could get to the track entrance.



THE SUMMER WIDOWER'S FINALE.

"That's nothing," grinned the station master. "In spite of those signs the man in charge of the board was kept so busy all day yesterday telling inquirers that no incoming train had a regular track that along about the middle of the afternoon he began to lose nerve. I could tell by the way he was answering questions, so I sent him out for a couple of hours rest—told him to get away from the building."

"No, madam, I don't know on which track that train will come in"—this to

on a local which got in on the lower level? I've been standing around at the upper level nearly one hour."

"And never asked a question, I suppose?" snapped his wife.

"Well, I had to finally."

"You know, Jennie, it does make such a difference which level you are on," an agitated woman was telling another as they passed out to Forty-second street. "The tracks on the lower level are numbered differently. The big sign in the

The train came in but not the lady. She arrived in the second section of the same train ten minutes later on a track about as far away from the track allotted to the first section as the yards would allow.

When the fiancé finally sprinted around to the new point her train was in and she had disappeared. Ever since he had been hunting lower levels and upper levels hoping for a glimpse of her. Then it came out that the lady had done some sprinting on her own account to the gate through which section No. 1 of her train discharged its passengers.

—SNAKES BY EXPRESS.

A New York importer of birds, animals and snakes says that while snakes may sometimes get loose in transit if the box containing them is broken, yet they can if properly packed be shipped any distance with entire security.

The snakes, two or three or more if they are small, are put in a bag and then the bag tied up and its box, on a bed of hay, this to keep the snakes warm. In winter hay is also filled in on top for their better protection at that season. When the cover has been nailed on holes are bored in the box to give air ventilation. Sometimes openings are cut in the box and are covered with wire netting. These packed snakes are shipped at all seasons, many of them in the course of a year, and it may be for long distances. They put a box constructed 30 feet or more in length and weighing 100 or 200 pounds in a bag and then box it just as they would a bunch of smaller snakes, and it goes through all right.

Some snakes are sold in winter for zoological collections, but the greater number of snakes are sold in summer, to circuses, menageries and shows. At this season calls for snakes of various sorts, large and small, come in from points near and far, and the dealer promptly ships them. The show snake season for the present year is just now ending.

Birds of all sorts are shipped with equal facility and safety. Within a radius of say 250 miles small birds, such as canaries, are sent in the original small cages in which they are imported. Two or three dozen of these cages, each containing a bird, are assembled and tied together securely, this bunch of cages being then wrapped up, for the birds' protection. They are only over night on the way.

For shipment to greater distances the birds are turned loose in a box of ample size and suitably ventilated. Snakes require no food in transit; the birds require food and water too. Food is stuck between the bars of the cages, water is supplied in a simple but ingenious manner. If it were simply poured into the water cups it might slop out, but they guard against that. In each water cup in each cage of that bunch of cages the shipper puts a water saturated sponge and then fills up the cup. The sponge holds the water. In a box of these birds they set a range of cups filled in the same manner. In this way live birds are shipped across the continent.



HER TRUNK DEMANDED.

another inquirer—"The man at the board will announce it."

She seemed to listen, said thank you, and then asked again: "What track did you say it would come in on?"

Of course the folks who failed to meet will not agree with the Station Master's opinion. A worried looking husband

waiting room gives the numbers of all the tracks on both levels."

"Yes, I know, but how could I remember all those figures unless I wrote them down? I'm certain that I went down the stairs pointed out to me."

When finally the girl and her fiancé did meet it was on the sidewalk, where

ARRANGING CUT FLOWERS.

Beauty is always dependent upon its setting. Flowers when their background has not been provided by nature often bloom in very ill chosen places. This is true whether they are growing in the garden or ending their lives as cut flowers in the house, but it is in the latter case that they are oftenest felt to be misfits. Some people seem to possess the right touch, but those who have it must try to make knowledge take the place of intuition.

It is quite easy to understand that the room with the dark hangings or wall paper must be brightened with the gayest blossoms, with golden glow and yellow asters or with crimson roses; but however much one may enjoy the glory of the gorgeous crimson poppies, they should be left in the garden, for their beauty will fade after an hour of the stalk.

To get the best results with cut flowers it is necessary to have a great many different kinds of receptacles at one's disposal. Vases of many low bowls or vases, as their grace is completely lost in high ones, which, however, are just the thing for lilies. For one or two choice blossoms a rare rose or orchid or a few sprays of lilies of the valley a tall, slender, silver vase is appropriate.

Sturdy, old fashioned blossoms that fortunately come in quantities can be massed in plain porcelain bowls and be charming. Sprays of ferns fit well into almost any cluster of flowers. Pansies show to best advantage in shallow bowls of clear glass, or even brass, but colored china was not meant for pansies with their purples, whites and yellow shades so perfectly blended. The same rule holds good as to violets, whether white, yellow or purple.

In arranging flowers green should be employed in abundance, and it is well to give time and thought in learning which flowers bear artificial light best. Blues are not satisfactory at night, nor are yellows. The other pink.

Flowers always last longer if gathered in the early day when the dew is still on them.



WHERE THE UPPER AND LOWER LEVELS MEET.

BUSINESS R. BABSON BUILT UPON STATISTICS

WELLESLEY, Mass., Sept. 7.—In the life of this town there have been two things to make it famous in educational and financial circles. The college from which thousands of young women have been graduated accomplished the former, and Babson's Statistical Organization the latter. This organization, founded twelve years ago by Roger Ward Babson, then a young man but two years out of the institution of Technology, with an office in his home here, where he employed a single stenographer, has grown until at the present time there are about seventy-five persons, mostly women, employed in the office here, while thousands work for it throughout the United States.

When you consider that the system can accomplish something which the gigantic Standard Oil Company with its unlimited resources cannot do you will get a fair idea of its work. If the Standard Oil Company could do what the Babson organization does it is fair to presume that it could not be numbered among the subscribers to the system. The company is one of its subscribers, and what is more, John D. Rockefeller himself subscribes and receives weekly and monthly the letters which advise on investments and throw light on general business throughout the country.

Some people will wonder what the organization does. It serves three purposes for the corporation, merchant and investor. It advises in connection with the borrowing of money, extension of credit and the management of other financial affairs; it interprets present conditions, the general tendency of prices and the management of sales and advertising, and it aids the investor to place his money safely and profitably.

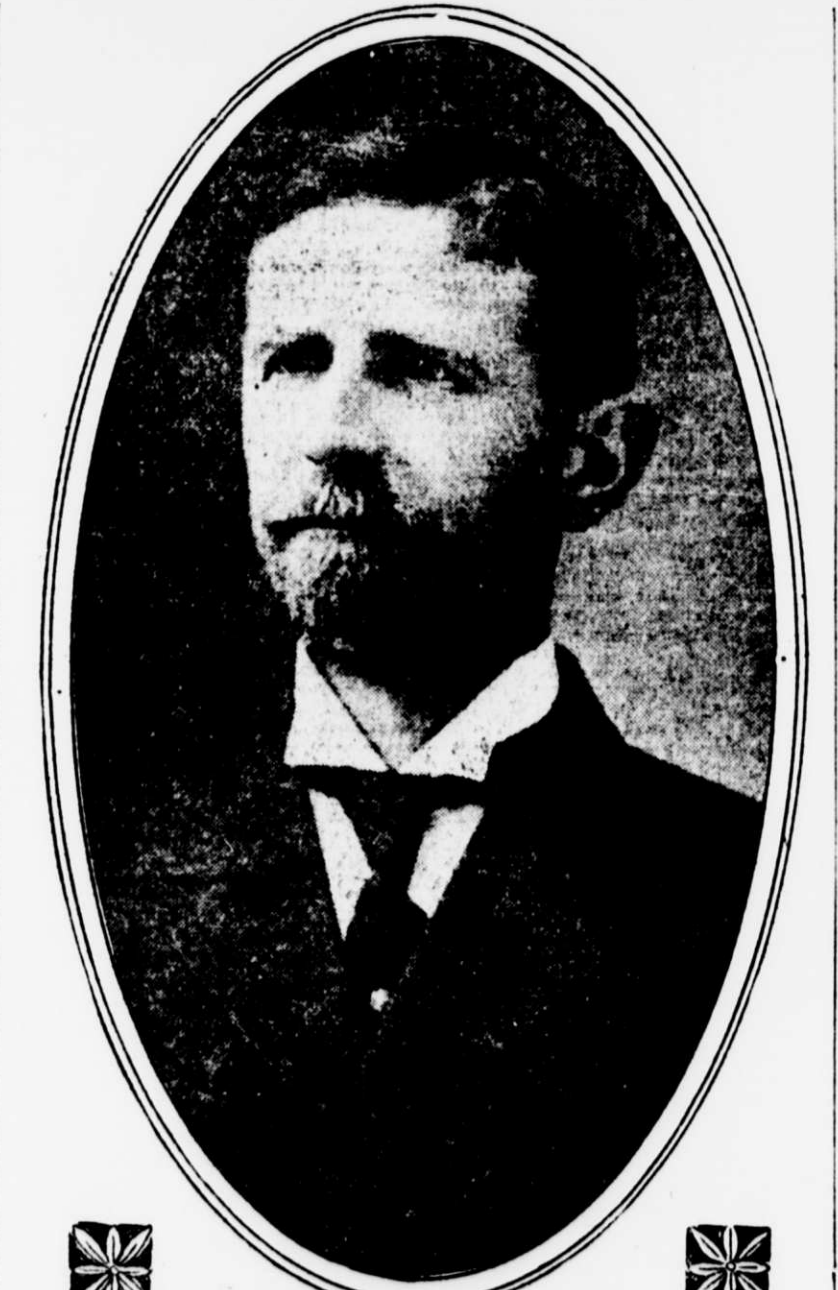
It issues weekly a composite plot of business conditions, made up from twenty-five subjects hereafter mentioned, and the sales and credit maps basing borrowing, buying, credit and sales policies on what these maps and plots show. In addition it informs its clients weekly as to business conditions in each section of the United States and issues maps every two weeks that illustrate by markings known to subscribers the various conditions. In short, the organization does everything but actually take your money for you and invest it.

Mr. Babson hadn't been running the business long before he found it necessary to increase his working force and live in his office room. Accordingly he went into a little building near Wellesley Hills Square on Washington street and there set up his business anew. Salesmen were employed and the affair began to assume national proportions. It grew until the new quarters were not large enough and accordingly space was hired in a dance hall.

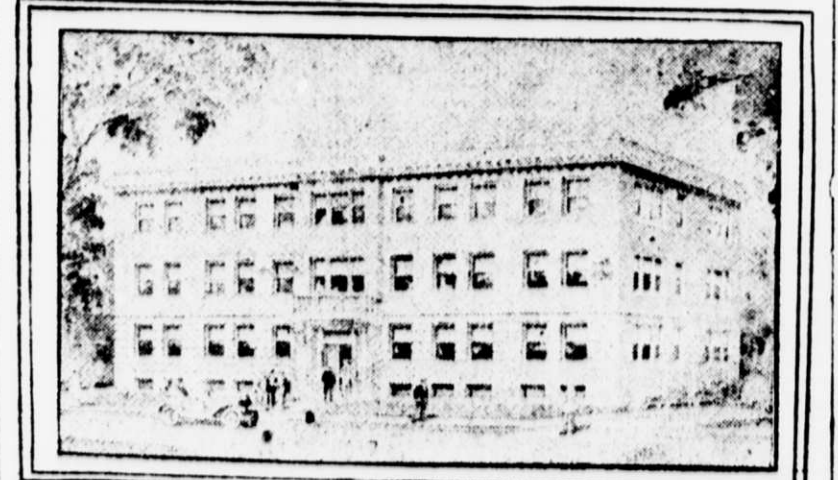
Even then the room wasn't room and as a result an architect was consulted, with the result that plans were drawn and a building erected not far from the original site that is a model in every way one takes it. A SUN correspondent looked into the workings of the office this week and ascertained the building.

Pleasantly situated twelve miles from Boston the first idea one gets of the place is that it is a school. A group of pretty little school buildings surround it and the building itself was designed something after "their style. The only thing out of the outside that would clash with this idea of the school are two bronze signs of the Babson Statistical Organization. Inside the visitor is still inclined to believe he is within a schoolroom. In the first floor are the computing room and one room occupied by stenographers. A room for mimeographing and indexing bonds also takes up part of this floor.

Pleasantly situated twelve miles from Boston the first idea one gets of the place is that it is a school. A group of pretty little school buildings surround it and the building itself was designed something after "their style. The only thing out of the outside that would clash with this idea of the school are two bronze signs of the Babson Statistical Organization. Inside the visitor is still inclined to believe he is within a schoolroom. In the first floor are the computing room and one room occupied by stenographers. A room for mimeographing and indexing bonds also takes up part of this floor.



Roger W. Babson



New Building of the Babson Statistical Organization, Wellesley Hills, Massachusetts.

there is a room where blue prints are got out.

Each floor has its rest room for the girls and in the basement there is a well appointed kitchenette and dining room where the girls have an opportunity to get together a hot lunch in the winter days when they do not care about venturing out into the cold. The shipping and stock rooms are also in the basement.

Two things that Mr. Babson goes in for are system and efficiency. He has both in plenty in his Wellesley Hills building. There are no unnecessary noises. The girls know when to go to work and how long to stay at it. The typewriter desks are so arranged that the light comes in over the left shoulder of each operator. Somebody has said, or at all events Mr. Babson believes, that the best light to work by comes over the left shoulder. Hence the arrangement of the desks.

There can be no denying the fact that Mr. Babson knows his business. Testimonials by hundreds pour in at the executive offices about results obtained as a result of following out the suggestions contained in the weekly barometer letter. There are between 3,500 and 4,000 subscribers throughout the country and one can go into any big bank or manufacturing headquarters and there find Babson's weekly letter and on the desk the chart and composite plot that does the work.

Mr. Babson himself pays particular attention to the banking and of the concern. Mr. Bryant looks after investments and Mr. Stone attends strictly to mercantile affairs. In fact the whole organization works harmoniously and accomplishes great results each year.

The town of Wellesley only recently got an idea of how good the system was. From all accounts the town had been losing money on investments. It subscribed to the system, paying \$80 for the year, and in the first few months had profited by more than \$200. That simply shows, so Mr. Bryant said, the real value of looking carefully into where you put your money.

As yet they haven't gone into the European business very heavily, but Mr. Babson himself keeps thoroughly informed on market and business conditions across the Atlantic. Some think that before long the system will have invaded the British Isles and the Continent. Canada is in it in a way now, but the system didn't get there before many years pass by. In addition Mr. Babson is the principal owner of a printing plant where all the maps, plots and letters are got out. That plant, like the office, is a model of efficiency.

In short the whole system is a finely organized concern. Mr. Babson besides taking care of the business in a general way finds time to devote to magazine writing, giving interviews and lecturing in different parts of the country.

NOVEL APPEAL FOR WORK.

The crowd on Broadway were surprised one afternoon last week when a big, healthy looking man came strolling on the crowded thoroughfare, elbowing his way through the business men and other people who were on Broadway at the time. It was not the man who attracted the attention of the pedestrians. It was the sign hanging from his neck that the people were gazing at. The sign was made of a piece of heavy paper, about a foot square. On the sign in large black letters was printed, "I want work."

"Well," remarked a man who stood on the corner of Chambers street watching the other man fighting his way through the crowd, "that is a novel and original way of letting people know you want a job. If some one did want to offer him a position I do not think he would be able to catch up to him, he is walking so fast."

Whether the idea was copied, or whether it originated in the minds of two men in different parts of the city is not known. But the night after a man was noticed standing at the foot of the stairs of an elevated station on the Sixth avenue line with a sign about his neck on which was printed a similar appeal.